clearings. They soon cease. The ground rises and the walls of the river close in. You can glimpse Orohena that we saw behind Pierre Loti's pool, upon the right, but you cannot easily reach the great valley or plain of Papenoo which lies beneath its shade. Ten miles long and a mile and more wide it was once the centre of the native civilisation. Now you would be resolute to do more than look down upon it. All is overgrown by a wild tangle of weed and bush and only the tropic bird which sails on white wing above knows what is there. Mount Orohena is almost in the middle of the main island and the pivot from which this and other valleys run down. It rises from a central plateau which I have tried hard to reach. If you imagine yourself entering here and reaching the mountain, then a sharp turn at right angles to the right would bring you down the valley of the Punaruu to the sea as this of the Papenoo took you up. A kilometre from my house on the west

coast was this Punaruu river, one of the biggest
and most historically important in the island.
From the bridge that crosses it in the flats
there one looks up to see Mount Aorai and the
Diadem behind which Orohena hides—all three